

The Big Move

by NOTTHEREADBUTON

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Summary: Hiccup lived his entire life in the freezing town of Berk as a social outcast. With tons of bullies, one friend and not even a chance at a girlfriend, Hiccup has had enough. He plans to change everything when his dad decides that they're moving to the great city of Burgess. Now if only a certain white haired boy would stop stalking him...

1. Goodbye, Berk!

In case you were wondering this is a highschool AU so Jack doesn't have magic ice powers and Hiccup doesn't have a flying reptile for a best friend (though he will get cat soon) I'm changing Toothiana's name to Ana, since Tooth is probably a really weird name. I'm a HIjack fanfiction so yey me... anyway I hope you like it and if you could review then please do. I just want to know if there's anyone out there reading this and actually enjoying something I write. Hopefully I'll be able to finish this...hopefully...

DISCLAIMER: I don't own any of these awesome . :(

* * *

><p>The rain poured angrily onto the little town of Berk while a certain teenage boy contemplated the chances of survival if one was to jump off a speeding vehicle. After thinking on the subject a bit more, Hiccup sighed disappointedly, realizing that he would probably end up a pancake if he did that now. And besides," he continued his conversation with himself, "even if he did survive the fall, his great brute of a father would still drag him back inside, pancake or not.<p>

He stared out the window, looking at the small collection of colourful houses that lined the sidewalk. His chest started to ache with longing. That was his neighborhood, or at least it used to be, until his dad decided that they were moving, ignoring all his son's

pleas and big puppy eyed stares begging that they wanted to stay. Hiccup could still remember the day his father announced they would be leaving. He had gotten in trouble again and was sent to the principal's office .It wasn't his fault in the first place! Snoutlout had pushed him during a lab experiment, and Hiccup, somehow being born lacking fundamental balance ,knocked over a few chemicals,. Which (just hiccups luck) set fire to the room. The frenzied screams of his classmates rang in his ears as the fire alarm went off,torrents of water streaming down from the safety system. He was still sopping wet when his father slammed the principal's door loudly with his expression unreadable,saying that they had to move.

It was so unfair ! Hiccup never understood why they had to move in the first place,he had lived in Berk all his life! He had never been popular but â€ He had friends there! Although quite few (two if you included Gobber his dad's friend who he helped man the hardware store) they still meant a lot to him, His best and only friend, fishlegs, always stuck by him. Hiccup and his chubby excitable friend had gone through a lot together. They played together as kids,laughed together,ate together at the lunch table, even got bullied together! They were all the other had. When either one was being pushed around either one was willing to come to the rescue, even if it meant taking the fire couldn't imagine how fishlegs was feeling right now. He was the only one who Hiccup would really miss once he was gone.

But then of course there was Astrid.

Astrid was the girl Hiccup had a crush on since the very first grade. Everytime Hiccup glanced her way,it always seemed that time went still,his heart would beat so fast that it could blow up in any moment and despite all his efforts he couldn't stop his blush nor the goofy smile spread on his face. But of course Astrid,the fiery blond that practically everyone worshipped or feared barely noticed Hiccup. Hiccup never stopped trying though,sneaking glances at her at class,volunteering in whatever task Astrid was in, even waving at her but receiving no reply. Even if the odds were low, maybe they could have been friends if he had stayed, maybe even something more. But moving to a whole other city miles away from berk , had depleted all the chances he ever could have with her to zero.

A heavy sigh escaped hiccup's lips as he continued to stare hopelessly into the window that was thoroughly being pelted by the torrential downpour. Well ,he thought half-jokingly, at least the weather would improve. He could do without the troublesome rain,storms,and hail that constantly plagued their small town. But somehow Hiccup knew that home wasn't home without the familiar horrible weather,that there would always be a sense of strangeness whenever the sun shone brightly. Realizing how hard it would be to adapt to his new surroundings Hiccup let out another sigh,louder and more worn out than the last.

It was then that his Father lost it.

"Would ya' stop with yer sighin' already!" Stoick his father growled exasperated, his deep voice resounding throughout the entire car. His grip tightened forcefully on the steering wheel. He couldn't drive like this, every sigh and complaint and mutter was driving him crazy! The tires screeched as Stoick pulled to an abrupt stop on the side of the road. Now was the time to have a good talk with his son. "Listen up Hiccup!" he stated, trying to keep his voice under control yet

failing miserably. "We are NOT, I REPEAT NOT, going back to Berk! No matter how much yah sigh or grumble or WHINE". Stoick stressed, his voice rising unwillingly, "NOTHING'S GOING TO CHANGE THE FACT THE WE ARE MOVING!" He finished loudly. His breathing was unbalanced and his tired eyes focused on his son's small figure, still facing the window. His heart felt heavier after shouting like that. He had never wanted to raise his voice, it was just an instinct of his, he couldn't help it. He was just fed up. Fed up with his son's complaining, fed up with the world. Didn't he realize that this was all for him, all for his own well-being! He had seen his son bullied countless of times, left out and pushed around by anyone who was bigger than him. He had seen his son hurt and sad and alone. What parent could bear to see their son like that? A new start, that was what they needed, in a town that didn't look down on you when you were weak.

His son turned to look at his dad, disbelief and anger written on his face. Hiccup was so mad! Why was he forcing him into this? Was he too embarrassed at his son's behaviour at his old school? Too ashamed at having a walking fishbone for a son, when he in fact was practically the chief of their entire town? Well fine! Hiccup was fine with that. Truthfully he was sorry he wasn't the son his father had always hoped for, a big strong charming son who didn't get beaten up for every single thing he did. They stared at each other in silence, each one determined to hold their piercing glares. Hiccup's dad broke his gaze first, sighing deeply as he started the car once more and started to drive.

Hiccup continued to look at his dad. His red bushy eyebrows were knit together in frustration, his eyes the same green as Hiccup's focused on the road. He felt a little guilty making his dad so mad. He had always wanted to make his dad proud of him, happy that he was his son. He turned away and looked towards the window again. Hiccup's mind was muddled as he tried to think of something to say to break the tension.

"Dad" he practically whispered, still not looking towards his father. The engine rumbled more loudly than before, and the pitter patter of the rain seemed to increase in volume. Though Hiccup was probably imagining it.

"Yes, Hiccup?" Stoick's voice was quiet too, his gaze still glued to the road.

"Sorry." He finally said it. It was like a great weight was lifted off his shoulders.

The word sorry continued to resound over and over in Stoick's ears, though hiccup was not speaking. He could feel his heart melt at that one simple word. He should have been the one to say sorry, for suddenly moving his son away from the life he had always known. He wanted to say so much but his body betrayed him. _If she was still here she'd know exactly what to say_, he thought sadly, bringing back a memory so painful that he had tried to leave it forgotten.

Doing his best to tell Hiccup it was fine. He awkwardly brought his left hand onto his son's thin shoulder patting it consolingly. Hiccup was shocked at first but let out a soft smile. His Father's hand slowly went back to the steering wheel as he continued to drive towards their destination. They were headed to a place six long hours

from Berk, to the thriving city of Burgess. Stoick made it a point to help his son every step of the way, and support him every time he would fall or stagger. He would make sure that this new start would be worth it. He would make sure his son would be happy. That was what she had always wanted, for her son to smile.

Hiccup leaned back on the chair, his body curled in the most comfortable position he could make, as his father continued to drive. The rain was miraculously getting lighter now, and Hiccup knew what that meant. He stared at the window and there it was, a small wooden sign that boasted five small words, five small words that challenged and provoked Hiccup.

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING BERK.

Hiccup fought the urge to sigh and get his father mad again. This was really happening. He was leaving Berk, the place where his whole life had happened, the place where he was shunned and bullied. A whirlwind of events played across his mind, Snoutlout taking his food, Astrid ignoring his very presence, the whole student body laughing meanly at him for tripping on his way to the stage, his teachers watching him pityingly. He cringed inside. It was then Hiccup decided enough was enough.

This move was not going to be for nothing. He was going to have fun in his new school, in his new life. He was going to do everything he couldn't do in the little town of Berk, make lots of friends, impress all his teachers, get a girlfriend! His eyes gleamed determinedly, yes get a girlfriend!

The rain soon stopped completely, letting bright rays of light filter through the car windows. Hiccup took this as a sign that the stormy weather of his life was over, the sun was going to shine on Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third this time around!

The rhythmical hum of the car's engine lulled hiccup into a deep sleep. A smile still on his face as he dreamed of all the new possibilities in the new city of Burgess, the place where he was going to do everythingâ€¦

* * *

><p>Six hours from where hiccup was, a white haired boy around his age was also contemplating the chances of survival if one was to jump out of a speeding vehicle.<p>

But this time it wasn't a car it was a motorcycle.

And this time that certain white haired boy was crazy enough to do it.

The motorcycle held two passengers, a woman controlling the vehicle and a teenage boy right behind her. The lady with flowing black hair was driving like a madman towards the school. Her perfectly manicured hands gripped the handles of the bike, expertly dodging random people in the way but never slowing down.

"Right Here?" she asked smoothly to the boy behind her, her silky voice barely audible against the roar of the motor.

"Yup right over there" The white haired teen answered just as smoothly, pointing out a spot near the school entrance. They surged forward and the boy loosened his grip on the woman's slim waist, getting ready to jump. A buzzing crowd of students started to form around the entrance, awaiting their school celebrity's arrival. Some girls (and even some boys) started squealing and gasping as the motorcycle sped forward.

And without a second thought, the male passenger jumped into the air, a crazy grin plastered on his charming features and a triumphant laugh escaping his lips.

Time seemed to slow down. The audience watched eyes wide at the spectacle of the school's proclaimed "ice prince" leaping out of a motorcycle going so fast, that it probably already broke the sound barrier. Screams and yells of "He's going to get himself killed!" filled the air and for a second there, the daredevil jumper almost believed them.

But then he remembered, smirking at himself for that uncharacteristic moment of doubt.

He was Jack Frost.

He flipped over with the grace of a professional gymnast and landed on his feet, the thump of his sneakers on the pavement was the only sound heard among the speechless bystanders.

The motorcycle pulled to a stop and even the driver looked thoroughly surprised at his little stunt.

Silence, complete and utter silence permeated the air as Jack looked around the school his grin still wide on his face. They just stared at him in awe. His strikingly white hair, his pale flawless skin and his electric blue eyes were mesmerizing the entire crowd.

"Well?" He asked cockily, leaning his head to the side expectantly and spreading his hands towards them. Even his voice was handsome.

The audience erupted, literally erupted with cheers and hoots and high pitched frantic squeals. Jack smiled knowingly, things were normal as usual. The thunderous clapping of hundreds of students was all that could be heard. Even the teachers clapped at the grinning teenager despite that fact that they were the very ones that banned unruly conduct on the school grounds.

"Thank you, thank you!" Jack bowed jokingly. Laughing and waving at the frenzied crowd like he was king of the world, which in the glistening eyes of many of the students (especially the ladies) he was. Soon they were chanting his nickname _JACK FROST! JACK FROST!_ over and over again. It was like music to his ears. It took a while, several teachers and a whole lot of waving to finally disperse the crowd and get them to the classrooms. It was only a month after the start of the school year but Jack practically had them in the palm of his hands, and Jack Overland was loving every second of it.

Suddenly a hand grabbed his blue sleeve, calling him out of his egotistical reverie.

He turned and smiled wider at the sight of the frowning face of his irritated best friend Ana

"Hey Ana!" Jack greeted putting his hand up for a high five but was left hanging. "What?" He asked confused at his Ana's cold glare. She would usually return it with the force of a buffalo. What was wrong?

She looked pointedly towards Jack's right, her mouth pursed in annoyance. Jack turned and saw the woman on the motorcycle almost forgetting that she was there.

"You sure you don't wanna go for another ride?" She asked batting her eyes flirtatiously.

She was really pretty, Jack noted as he looked at her. Long jet black hair, perfectly shaped lips and big heavily lashed eyes, she could make a guy fall down to his knees and start begging for mercy. Not Jack though. He shuddered "_way too old_"

"Nah" He answered shaking his head "Gotta start class, I could see you again soon though" He hoped she would get the point, but she just stood there waiting "Bye!" he finished with a forced wink, yet started backing away, a sign that he certainly did not want to meet her again. Her crimson lips opened slightly as if shocked that anyone could reject that offer, but she closed them and put on a genuine smile. One that she never knew she had.

"See you again, kid." She waved, the small smile still playing on her lips. Then she was gone, the roar of her motorcycle slowly dissipating into nothing.

"Who is that?" Ana asked suspiciously, pulling Jack towards the huge oak doors.

Jack thought a bit, and then answered happily "I have no Idea!"

Ana's expression was priceless, her eyes wide and her jaw stretched open comically. Jack could feel the laugh escape his throat, but he held it down realizing that it would only anger his best friend more. And when Ana was angry, Jack got punched in the face.

"Come on!" he yelled at his stunned friend and gestured towards the school.

Ana finally broke out of her trance and she grabbed Jack's hand forcing him to tell her exactly who that mystery woman was. Jack complied, eager to tell his friend all that had happened. Together they walked into the school, laughing and chatting as if they had lived their whole lives together.

"You are so taking the bus tomorrow" Ana chided giving Jack the you better do this look

"Fine, fine" Jack nodded smiling jokingly crossing his fingers behind his back so Tooth could see.

"Jack!" His friend yelled, playfully punching him on the both laughed.

"Okay! I promise! No joke look" to stress the point he wiggled his fingers in Tooth's face proving none of his fingers were crossed.

The school bell rung through the Halls as they sprinted laughing towards the classroom, the classroom of BURGESS HIGHSCHOOL, the best school in the entire city, the school which Hiccup was going to be in the very next day.

2. Good Morning Burgess!

Just a quick authors note: Thank you for all the really cool people who reviewed and stuff! This is the second chapter of The big move.I hope I wont dissappoint any of you in this chapter,and I'll try my best to write up to all your Review if you can, each one really means a lot to me!

DISCLAIMER : These awesome movies don't belong to me. Sadly :(

Hiccup was not in Berk anymore, nor was he in any other city he'd seen before.

He was in a forest, surrounded by a thick wall of trees that blocked out the sunlight through their leafy branches. He looked forward and saw a stone path before him leading towards a clearing at the very end of the tree tunnel. The path was scattered with red,orange and yellow leaves signalling the beginning of autumn,Hiccups favaoirite time of the year. He followed it curious to what was in the clearing and also eager to get out of the shady forest,which was starting to make him feel claustrophobic .Once he reached the edge of the forest,he gasped at the sight that met him there. It was so much vaster and more wonderful than he had imagined. It wasn't a clearing,it was a meadow covered in beautiful red pansies that stretched for miles .Not a single tree was seen,only hundreds of cheerful flowers swaying in the autumn breeze. He felt himself smile and close his eyes,it was the warmest he had been in months. He continued to bask in the sunlight a bit more,listening to the sweet singing of the birds that he could hear from where he stood. He felt the urge to yell,or dance or sing in joy of finding this perfect place,when suddenly the birds stopped chirping.

He hesitantly opened one eye to see what was going on. Everything was eerily still .Only a while ago,the sun was shining brightly on Hiccup. Now it was gone ,covered by the thick mass of dark clouds swirling menacingly on the once cloudless sky. The next thing he realized made his eyes widen in shock. It was cold,very cold. The bitter air was freezing him to the bone. He shivered,his teeth chattering painfully . Where was the blissful warmth he was in a while ago? Something cold and wet touched his nose. "Snow" Hiccup thought. He hated the snow. Snow was beautiful before,but not since it had taken his mom away from him. Before he knew it thousands of snowflakes were floating through the air making the meadow a uniform white . Soon they were pelting right at him,growing bigger and heavier,until every one that touched him burned his skin like cold fire. The air was thick with the snow,transforming his perfect place into Hiccup's worst nightmare,a blizzard. He was cold,so cold,Was she this cold when it happened?. His vision went slack as he saw her, A

warm smile and sparkling green eyes that crinkled at the corners_â€|an image of his mother._He let out a gasp before finally letting the wind blow him awayâ€|

Into his bedroom,eyes opened wide in the schocked realization that all the terror he experienced was a dream. Hiccup sat up and leant against the oak headboard tiredly. "I hate winter" he mumbled to himself as he rubbed his hands. They were oddly warm,his hands were always cold and clammy when he woke up. It was after effect of sleeping in an area whose temperature was akin to the south pole without a working heater. He blinked several times to clear his vision and then looked around.

Suprisingly, he didn't find the usual tiny, poster covered, clutter filled bedroom that he had growned accustomed to. Instead he saw that he was in a bigger room. The bare walls were painted an almost lifeless white and the inside was completely unfurnished ,save for a mirror and a small wooden desk that stood next to his bed. Hiccup was about to stand up and ask his dad what the heck happened to his room when the last two day's events hit him like a storm.

"Oh." he exclaimed,remembering that this was technically his bedroom, except it was his new bedroom,in the new apartment they had moved into,in their new city. His heart started to ache with home sickness again. He would miss their old house,practically a cottage with its lack of everything a home in the 21st century should contain. Even so,his entire childhood took place there. Each flaw it had, held a little piece of Hiccup's memories. The leaky sink his father had always tried to repair had ended up flooding the entire first floor,a gigantic swimming pool in Hiccup's eyes. The Door that creaked like an old frog and the constantly flickering lights always scared little Hiccup,so his mom and dad would tuck him into bed and tell him his favourite stories to scare away the boogie man. Even the walls were scratched with hundreds of small lines going upwards,following his growth.

Suddenly,the alarm clock went off, Startling Hiccup and causing him to actually fall off his bed. He fell to the floor,landing on his face." Ouch" he complained rubbing his sore nose as the alarm clock kept ringing insisently "Alright,alright already! Would you shut up !" he yelled at no one in particular. Pushing himself from the floor,he walked sleepily towards his desk where a lamp,a few books,pens,a calendar and the irritating digital alarm clock lay. He stared it angrily then punched the snooze button hard, almost breaking the only piece of technology he owned. The blue fluorescent digits blinked 5:30 am. "Too early" Hiccup thought,about to go back to sleep in his nice warm bed when a big fat sad face and a small massage on his calendar caught his attention. He read it hesitantly,the words slowly making sense.

" UH" he groaned like a depressed zombie, his first day of school just had to be today didn't it? He then proceeded to facepalm violently,dreading the start of his new torture. His yellow duffel bag was next to his bed telling him to get dressed already. Hiccup reluctantly obeyed throwing of his comfy pajamas and opening the bag to find some decent clothing."No" he muttered eyeing a hideous green shirt with ruffles flowing down the center."No" he said again tossing a side a sparkling pink polo and a white shirt that boasted a glittering image of the fairy tinkerbell. Why in Odin's name had he let his dad buy all his clothes in the first place?

He had plowed through almost everything when he found a plain green long sleeved shirt and a nice pair of jeans. Sighing in relief he quickly put them on and turned to look himself in the mirror. Freckles dotted his cheeks and his green eyes still looked sleepy. "I look fine" he remarked eyeing his messy red hair critically, it looked passable. At least no one could mistake it for some dead animal or something. He then decided to practice some basic introductions. He needed to make a good impression, today of all days. "Hi, I'm Hiccup" he practiced, giving himself a half hearted wave. 'Not that good' he thought. 'Maybe with a bit more gusto'. "Hi! I'm Hiccup" he shouted trying to make his voice manlier while flexing his thin arms to no effect. This was impossible. How about if a girl actually came up to him.. "Hey" he said in a sing song flirty voice "If you were a booger" he continued putting on an awkward smile "I'd pick you" he finished it off with a spasmodic wink.

He was sure somewhere out there, someone was laughing at his attempts to look cool.

"Well me," he talked to himself, looking on the bright side "I promised remember?" That was right. He was going to make sure his last year of highschool in this alien environment would be the best year of highschool he'd ever have. No longer would he be, bucktooth or nerd boy or freckle time he would be Hiccup, the awesome guy who was memorable. Hopefully for something good, hiccup reminded himself as he gave a himself a big thumbs up and rushed off to the kitchen.

The pungent smell of burning food was the first thing that hiccup noticed once he stepped through the door. "Dad!" Hiccup yelled worriedly. His dad was never to be trusted near a kitchen, much less try to cook anything at all. When he finally made his way into the new kitchen, the sight that met him there made him feel the urge to call the police or burst out laughing or maybe even both. A tall bulky figure in an blue apron that was much too small was hunched over a stainless steel stove, shouting out very interesting swears and waving his arms wildly.

"Dad!" he called out louder as he walked towards his very disheveled father. His dad yelped in a very unmanly manner, when he suddenly heard his son's voice. "Hiccup!" he exclaimed surprised, quickly changing his shocked features to give a broad smile (that even to Hiccup seemed a bit too robotic). "Good mornin'. I..uh.." His eyes shifted to the heating pot that was puffing black clouds of smoke into the air. He rushed to it madly, in an attempt to hide the breakfast catastrophe that he had worked on the whole morning. Once the fire was gone and the distorted pot was quickly stashed to the closest drawer he could find, he continued to greet his son.

"â€|I was making ya breakfast. First day of school and all..soâ€|yah..." he trailed off awkwardly and averted his gaze waiting for Hiccup to say something. "Thanks dad." Hiccup smiled then pulled his dad in for a hug. His dad had a confused yet happy face once they pulled apart. He quickly grabbed some cereal he had bought from the groceries the other day and handed it to Hiccup. It was always handy to have some cereal when you knew you were bound to fail in cooking. "It's yer favourite, cant go to school with an empty stomach" Stoick added as he took off the embarrassing apron. "Dragon Flakes!" Hiccup gasped in happiness at the colourful box of cereal decorated, with as the name suggests, dozens of flying dragons "I haven't had those in

years! I used to love them!"He grabbed the box ,ripped it open and practically scarfed it down. Each flake was in the shape a different kind of Hiccup's favourite creature; his favourite ones were the grape flavoured night furies.

His dad chuckled at his wide eyed son,who looked like he had just found some wonderful treasure. "I'll be going now, off to work" his dad announced walking towards the door to put on his shoes and get his things. Hiccup grunted , his mouth too full of rainbow colored deliciousness to talk. "Don't be late for school! I'll be comin' home a bit late tonight but there's some soup ya' can heat up in the microwave" The word microwave was said slowly as if it was still hard to form the strange new word in his mouth. He pointed to it,sitting on the gleaming kitchen counter. "In case ya' don't knowâ€|I think yer supposed to pressâ€|the button with the â€| no actually.." he stopped when he realized that he really had no idea how to control the new technological wonder . Stoick shrugged his shoulders." Well,you'll figure out sooner er later". His son nodded as he savoured the fruity flavours that burst in his mouth and pondered on how his dad didn't know how to use a simple microwave. His dad waved a big meaty hand in his direction and Hiccup waved back cheerfully." Goodbye son!"Don't forget to lock up after ya leave" he yelled as he pulled open the door and walked out into the corridor of their building. His heavy footsteps soon grew quieter and quieter until all Hiccup heard were the honks of cars and whistles that came from the busy trafficked streets.

He pushed back the chair,finished with his meal of cereal ,and started to get ready for was school. Hiccupwas done in 10 minutes,face washed,teeth brushed and hair controlled. "The school bus comes at 6:00 sharp" his dad had told him. He checked his wristwatch, 5:58.

"Okay,5:58 hmmm" Hiccup just stood there staring at the door calmlyâ€|then he started panicking."5:58. 5:58! Oh god,oh god.I cant be late today!He almost screamed as he grabbed his brown bag in a hurry. He was still trying to put on his other sneaker when he burst through the doors. He ran to the elevator,a crazed look in his eyes."Stop! Wait"! Hiccup shouted at the closing elevator. Thankfully, the people in it were kind enough to let the poor kid in and Hiccup sighed in relief . His heart was beating erratically in his chest." Please let me not be late" he almost yelled as he folded his hands together and scrunched his face up,as if in a fervent prayer. The old lady in the elevator looked at him strangely. Hiccup winced and quickly turned away, embarrassed at his outburst.

The doors opened to the lobby and Hiccup stumbled out to find the bus. There it was right in front of the glass exit doors ,a large metal yellow monster that truthfully Hiccup was slightly intimidated by. A short grubby man in a bright blue shirt with the logo BURGESS HIGH was standing in front of the bus waiting for any more passengers. Hiccup pushed his way past the dozens of people milling around the lobby,saying sorry excuse me and I really have to go now constantly. He stepped on a lot of toes and received a few very angry glares but in the end he finally got to the bus stop

." I' m here" he gasped exhaustedly at the bus driver. Said bus driver looked up briefly then checked the list he was holding . "And you areâ€|?" he asked his voice as gruff as his appearance . Hiccup smiled slightly,trying to appear more likable" Hiccup Haddock the

third" he said shyly. He left out the horrendous, his name was already bad as it was. Trust his dad and his Viking blood to give him a name that sounded like some brand of rat killer. The bus driver (thankfully) didn't mind the weird name and checked it on the list the nodded grunting, "Next time." He chided tapping on his wristwatch "be a bit earlier, a few more minutes and we would've left you. School's a decent distance away, you wouldn't survive the walk."

Hiccup nodded enthusiastically and headed onward to the bus. Once he came into the monstrous contraption he noticed that a number of people were staring at him like new meat. He gulped, as he felt his palms getting sweaty, "You can do this Hiccup, you can do this" he whispered like prayer to whoever was out there.

He looked around the crowded bus, trying to find someone who looked like they could share a seat without pummelling him to a pulp. There was a tall guy in the right side who was casting him some amused glances while laughing heartily with his other muscular friends. Jocks 'Hiccup noted telling by their brash behaviour and of course their matching navy blue varsity jackets. Probably best steer clear of that. Far to the back he saw a small group of quiet teenagers dressed in nothing but the color black. And were those nose peircings?. He shuddered inwardly not them either. The group to the front left seemed by far the nosiest and most excited group. It consisted of a bunch of attractive (admittedly) girls who squealed and giggled every two seconds. One blond girl with two long pony tails seemed particularly hyped up pulling on her hair and blushing like crazy. In fact their group did look pretty loco.

What was up anyway? "No!" Hiccup thought in disbelief "was it because of him?" For the first time in his very existence had a bunch of pretty girls actually taken notice over him? He was about to dance in joy and start thanking the gods, when he saw the real reason behind their high pitched madness.

Right beside their aisle was a teenager in a blue seemingly plain article of clothing. It was cheap, ratty looking even, but somehow the guy pulled it off, making him look even cooler. He had stunningly white hair which didn't look dyed in the least, messy but messy in the way that girls drooled after him. Hiccup grumbled, his hair was messy in the way someone would feel the urge to call animal control. He had such pale skin, not a single blemish to be seen and cold blue eyes that sparked mischievously as he smiled at the short haired blond girl right next to him. He felt a pang of jealousy in his chest "typical cute looking popular guy" (not that he thought the guy was cute or anything) definitely don't go near that one.

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Hiccup then found a suitable place next to a silent golden haired man who was focused on reading a book, determined to make friends with him. Hiccup decided he would approach the ones who looked nice and quiet, just like him and try to be friends. Though he hadn't really made a new one in a long time, he supposed he'd do fine. All you had to do was say hi and make yourself look not that spazzy right? Hiccup was walking towards the seat when he remembered something that made him want to suffocate himself so he wouldn't have to face the effort and humiliation.

"_Goodbye son!" "Don't forget to lock up after ya leave" _

His eyes widened in realization and self-hate. He forgot to lock the door. It was probably swinging open lazily by now, just inviting someone to come and steal all their things. He had been saved at the last minute and now when things were going smoothly then they decided to mess things up didn't they!? He face palmed furiously, groaning as a loud smack resounded in his ears. He had to tell the bus driver. Whether he had to walk to school or not, he didn't care. He just had to get the door locked. He stood there a pained look on his face, totally oblivious to the bus driver telling everybody to sit down.

The bus driver saw Hiccup still standing and walked towards him starting to fume. "Sit down, boy we're leaving already!" he announced rather loudly. That boy was irritating him, first he was late now he was ignoring his instructions. The school was going to kill him if they got to school late.

The bus grew quiet. They 've never seen Rodney that mad before, especially to a new face. He barely even talked either, only seldomly chatting with the typical cute looking popular guy (as Hiccup noted) Jack Frost who was too friendly for his own good. Suddenly the people who were ignoring Hiccup a while ago were focused intently on him. Even the chattering boy crazy girls stopped their gossiping to stare at the angered bus driver. "I need to go back for a while" Hiccup tried to whisper intent on not letting anyone hear his stupid mistake. Sadly for Hiccup, everyone did hear including Jack Frost who knew Rodney more than any other student. Hiccup tried to explain stuttering and tripping on his words in fear of the increasingly angry man.

"Please, I just need a few minutes to lock up!" Hiccup pleaded desperately .

"No." Rodney growled "You either get back to your seat" he ordered, firmly pointing towards a chair "or you get out of my bus."

Hiccup sighed in frustration. This guy wouldnt budge and he knew no amount of begging or asking would make him change his mind. He understood though, it was all his fault anyway and this guy was just doing his job. "Well, I guess I did need the exercise" he thought sarcastically deciding to just walk to school after locking up his apartment. "Fine" he said nodding towards the driver . Rodney sighed, no person in his right mind would try to walk to school at this distance. His sigh was quickly revoked when Hiccup pushed his way past him towards the exit.

"Where do you think you're going!" He shouted surprised at the student's actions (though reluctantly admiring his sense of responsibility). He honestly thought the kid was just going to sit down like a normal person would.

The wide eyed students watched the argument unfold, both entertained and baffled at the sight of the new boy's persistence. "This is interesting" Jack thought smirking slightly. He decided he liked this new kid. Ana looked at him and sighed, she was already starting to feel sorry for that guy and Jack didn't even speak to him yet.

"I'm going lock the door" Rodney stared flabbergasted "and walk to school" Hiccup finished calmly giving small sorry smile towards the

driver in excuse for his actions. Not the impression he had wanted to give butâ€|oh wellâ€|he had to do what he had to do.

Hiccup turned to the door. Rodney looked as if he wanted to shout at hiccup or at his himself for ever becoming a stinking bus driver in the first place, but before a sound could escape his mouth another voice broke the tense silence.

"Hey new kid!" a cheerful and boyish voice asked. Ana visibly cringed pulling on her short blonde locks nervously while,praying just praying that he wouldn't do anything stupid. Half the bus was in shock, they just couldn't comprehend why someone as well known as Jack would start talking to a guy who had just popped out of no where. Half the bus started hyperventilating at the sight of the Jack frost speaking aloud, eagerly awaiting what the school hottie (or should they say cool guy?) had to say.

Hiccup turned around. Was someone talking to him? His questioning gaze was met with typical cute looking popular guy (which he decided he would call him) smiling brightly straight at him. Hiccup was confused. Did he do something? "No way" he thought expecting the worst "Did I just set off the typical cute looking popular guy?Not good!NOT GOOD!" the sirens in Hiccup's head wailed signalling danger. Once you come off bad on the popular guy the rest of your school life was going to be a pain. He knew that from experience,and he did not want to ever experience anything like his old school again.

Jack was confused at the new kid's reaction . He just said hi,why did he look like he wanted to throw up? Ignoring Hiccup's dread he continued,smile on his face "What's your name?"

"Me?" Hiccup asked pointing at himself shyly while severely hoping that he was talking to another new kid right behind him.

The bus looked at him as if he were an idiot while Jack nodded "Yeah,you! I can't keep calling you new kid forever you know."

Honestly Hiccup didn't want typical cute popular guy to call him anything,he just wanted to get out of here without causing any problems."Hiccup" he said with a small wave. Deciding he couldn't call him typical cute popular guy forever he asked what his name was,ignoring the nosy girls disbelieving stares.

"I'm Jack" he said walking out of his seat and towards Hiccup who was freaking out more by the second . Jack reached out a pale hand and Hiccup just stared at it unsure what to do. "A handshake Hiccup!" his inner self screamed. Hiccup warily took the taller boy's hand as Jack grinned and shook it a bit too enthusiastically, almost breaking hiccup's fingers.

The entire bus including the bus driver just watched the two boys quietly. Except for the group of girls of course who were biting their nails and thinking up ways to get back at Hiccup for catching Jack's attention on his first day. Rodney was practically torn by now,between his thoughts to tie both of them to the back of the bus and drag them to school or trust Jack Overland

Jack meanwhile was in his own little world. He just couldn't help it,once he set his eyes on something or someone,no teacher,student,

or angry bus driver was going to get in his way.

He raised a dark eyebrow while breaking from the handshake "Are you really going to walk all the way to school?"

"Yes" Hiccup said with a sense of finality. Was it really so far that the thought of Hiccup going was so unbelievable? He did have some stamina despite his looks.

"Your new, not to the school but to the city too? Jack asked again.

Hiccup nodded wondering where this was going. He hoped it wouldn't take too long, someone could have robbed them by now. "Yeah, I'm sorry but I really have to go now" Hiccup turned to the exit again. He was happy that someone actually asked him his name but it was getting annoying. If this guy was purposely trying to slow him down and he ended up getting robbedâ€¦well he would do something.

Hiccup opened up the bus door and was ready to leave when the guy talked once more. 'Friendly wasn't he.' Hiccup thought slightly irritated.

"Do you even know the way to school?" Jack shouted leaning out of the door, blue eyes focused on Hiccup's reaction. He was glad he looked because Hiccup's face was just so funny! Some might call him mean for that, but once again Jack couldn't help it. These weird quirks of his probably made him so likable or in Hiccup's case so unlikable.

Hiccup's eyes were wide, his eyebrows shooting up to his forehead as his entire face reddened like a tomato. He totally forgot about that! Hiccup didn't have the slightest idea where his school was. The fact that he had the sense of direction of a 5 year old didn't help either. Great, Hiccup felt his face heating up uncontrollably. He hated this when it happened. His hundreds of freckles were probably even more noticeable now and uhh! Why was he cursed with such full face blushes! Trying to get his blush under control, Hiccup nodded, lying. So what if he didn't know! How hard could it be for a 17 year old to just walk to school. He had been walking to school since he was ten!

After, his blatant lie (his blush was just too revealing) Hiccup ran off, a faint shade of crimson still on his ears. Jack was left there staring after the stubborn boy. He smirked amused at their meeting. "That kid, hiccup was it? Yeah Hiccup was going to be his friend" Jack decided and once Jack decided no one could stop him. Not even Hiccup himself who looked like did not in the least want to be his friend. He then started to think of his plan of attack "Friends helped other friends." Jack grinned at his own cleverness " So I guess that's just what I'm going to do". Quickly forming his most charming smile he turned towards the bus driver, Rodney. He was a good guy, Rodney. Though gruff and somewhat intimidating on the outside he was all soft and cuddly on the insideâ€¦like a pie. He faced the grumpy bus driver, still laughing inwardly that he had compared the middle aged man before him to a delicious pastry. He was probably still hungry.

"You already know what I'm going to do, don't you" Jack told his favourite staff member of the school.

Rodney sighed tiredly. He really wished he didn't know but yes he did. 'When did kids get this crazy' He thought to himself clearly forgetting that all kids were crazy, then, now, and in the future. That's what he loved most about them.

"Good luck kid!" he wished smiling and patting Jack on the shoulder softly "Don't get too late for school, Mr. Black will kill you!" he added, a chastising finger pointing towards him. Jack smiled giving Rodney a thumbs up. "Bye Ana." He yelled over to the back ignoring all the other students who were staring at him, wondering what the heck the ice price was doing. Ana meanwhile was burying herself in her colourful sweater, pretending that she wasn't there. "He's about to do something stupid isn't he" she thought ruefully to herself while practically suffocating her face in the fabric of her sweater. As if reading her thoughts, Jack continued "And yes Ana!" He almost cheered, his blue eyes tinged with mischief as he added "I am about to do something stupid!" The last word echoed throughout the school bus as Jack leapt into the lobby. He looked like he was about to dance or something. Ana could barely suppress a painful moan.

Before any of the students could register what had happened though, Rodney stepped on the gas pedal. The bus practically launched itself out of the tight driveway and into the road, towards the open doors of Burgess High School. Soon the students started talking again, the confused tension disappearing almost completely. Everything was back to normal, except for an obnoxious question that lingered in the air.

Who was that strange freckled boy and why in Odin's name (as Hiccup would put it) did Jack Frost have an interest in him.

They didn't know, Hiccup certainly didn't want to know, and now Jack Overland was going to find out.

3. Jack, undercover

****yey! finally finished the third chapter! Thank you everyone who is reading this story**** ****and I hope you'll like this chapter.****

****Reviews are really appreciated so please review if you can!**

****DISCLAIMER: These awesome movies aren't mine...sadly ã^¶6ã^¶6****

*** * ***

><p>Hiccup stumbled into the lobby, his breathing as unbalanced and heavy as a dog after a jog. Sweat ran down his face and he smiled triumphantly. In his hand were the keys to the apartment, the apartment that he so skillfully locked. He jingled the brass keys around his pinkie. 'No one was getting robbed tonight! "<p>

He walked through the lobby a spring in his step, expecting to see the monstrous yellow vehicle 'Now to get to the bus' His happy thoughts faded when he saw that there was no bus in sight. The joy of finally locking the doors had momentarily distracted him from the fact that the school bus had left without him today 'oh yeah' His

smile slowly transformed into a disappointed frown. 'I have to walk to school' he sighed and rubbed his shoulder. He didn't even start to walk yet he could already feel the ache spreading through his joints.

"How am I going to do this" he whispered to himself. He didn't know where his school was at all, he barely even knew the city either. 'What was the name of the schoolâ€|Burgess high was it? He continued to talk to himself, making a plan. Unconsciously he put a hand under his chin as he tried to remember some of the streets that he and his dad passed on the way to the city.

Unknown to Hiccup were two bright blue eyes watching him amusedly from the other side of the lobby. They watched as Hiccup drew a frustrated breath, as he walked in small circles and as one hand gently rubbed the bridge of his nose, sure signs that he didn't know what to do. Jack grinned knowingly 'Liar, you don't know the way to school after all". Noticing that Hiccup had started to exit the lobby, he quickly stood from his stealthy position behind a large couch and followed the shorter teen out the door.

' I shouldn't let him see me' Jack decided as they stepped into the busy sidewalk. It was filled with hundreds of people strolling around, serious businessmen marching to work, little kids playing tag near the road ,stressed housewives trying to stop their kids from playing tag, even couples sipping coffee and relaxing in the nearby cafes. All (as Jack in stealth mode now called them) "cover".

It wasn't like he was stalking the unsuspecting boy. He was simply observing what he did, curious to Hiccup's true nature. The boy had struck him in some way and honestly as much as Jack Overland would hate to admit it, he didn't know why. He didn't think it was it was his appearance. Though his eyes were a very nice shade of green and his freckled cheeks were charming, he'd seen a lot of more physically attractive people who he basically ignored. Maybe it was his hair? The way he talked? Nope, in fact his voice was bordering on the lines of pre-puberty, cracking awkwardly at certain times.

"Aha!" Jack exclaimed realizing something. Now he remembered. It was in the way that no matter how many fierce scowls Rodney gave him he didn't sit back down. He justâ€| did what he had to do. It was in the determined flame that hid behind Hiccup's gentle green eyes. Jack loved that quality in people the most, admired it and respected it. He tugged on his white hair happily (a habit he got from Ana) and tried to decide when he would reveal himself. Hiccup was asking people for directions industriously but by the looks of it,he wasn't getting any answers. Just when he resolved that Hiccup probably needed the help and was going to approach him, Hiccup stopped abruptly.

'Did he see me?" Jack's eyes widened in panic 'He'll think I'm a stalker for sure!" Quickly ducking beneath a black metal chair of one of the cafes, he leant back on the cold surface as he expected the worse.

Nothing happened.

Mentally scolding himself for being so frightened, He turned to see what was going on. Hiccup gently tapped a man on the shoulder. Describing him as a man would fall a little short though, seeing that

he was very tall even while sitting down, had various piercings and tattoos and muscles the size of beach balls.

The stranger scowled fiercely as he took the cigarette from his mouth and turned to Hiccup. 'Who was this guy' Jack asked himself, 'His dad? His brother?'. He continued to watch the exchange while hidden covertly behind the chair. Hiccup was talking to him eyebrows furrowed and eyes calm, it seemed like he was asking something.

The white haired boy could barely hear a thing that Hiccup was saying but managed to make out a few words. Shouldn't...Smokeâ€|allowedâ€|.it sounded like Hiccup was trying to get this guy to stop smoking.

True enough, there was a sign that prohibited smoking on the cafÃ© wall ,but why couldn't he just leave it to the shop personnel and come out alive . Didn't he see the size of that guy's muscles? 'Are you asking death wish?" Jack muttered incredulously as he continued to watch the boy, unsure of whether to jump in and save Hiccup from a world of pain or stay where he was.

Hiccup just kept talking though, unfazed by the stranger's killing glares. Slowly and much to Jack's surprise, the man's hard expression softened and he stood up, leaving the vicinity to smoke in peace elsewhere. Hiccup nodded towards a woman with two children in another outdoor chair. She smiled and waved at Hiccup, shouting a quick thank you as he left quietly.

'Wow' Jack thought amazed and impressed at what just happened. A wide grin replaced his shocked expression 'He's getting more and more interesting by the secondâ€|" His will to stal- follow Hiccup increased tremendously as he got up and walked just behind his target. He studied him, the younger teen still set on finding someone to help him to school.

Hiccup was sweating , unlike Jack who was still dry, somehow born with some innate ability to always stay cool. 'He's probably tired by now' he deduced, noticing the way Hiccup's stride was shorter and his breaths more closely paced.

Jack checked the shiny silver pocket watch he always kept in his, well his pocket.'6:30' thirty more minutes till school and still no sign that Hiccup was going to get anywhere.

Jack took in a deep breath. This was it, the opportune moment to suddenly swoop in and guide the lost boy to school. He quickly brushed off his hoodie and fixed his hair. If he was going to help Hiccup he was going to look cool doing it.

He was about to "bump" into Hiccup and show him the way to school heroically when once again he was interrupted. Hiccup's attention was caught elsewhere. Thankfully, it was not by another huge, muscular, scary man but by the exact opposite. A tiny little girl with soft messy blonde hair gently poked Hiccup in the gut. 'Tag Mister! You've got to catch me now! 'She exclaimed cheerfully, big blue eyes staring at Hiccup expectantly. Hiccup's green eyes widened as he realized the small figure was talking to him.

Hiccup didn't know what to do; he almost never made contact with little kids before, being born an only child. Truthfully, he avoided

them as much as he could.

According to Gobber's descriptions of them they were "tiny biting little monsters that burst out cryin' every two seconds". Thanks to him, Hiccup worked his way around toddlers and babies like they were landmines. But in a way this strange little girl seemed different. Her smile revealed two small gaps where her front teeth would grow, the sight made something tug at Hiccup's chest, something unfamiliar yet oddly pleasant. 'Cuteâ€|' Hiccup thought in a daze. She didn't look like a biting little monster at all. Hiccup felt compelled to keep the little girl smiling so he decided to join in her little game.

'I'm gonna get you!' He yelled in a pretend scary voice as he reached out his arms. The girl squealed in joy. "Can't catch me! Can't catch me! She sang happily dodging all Hiccup's attempts to get his hold on her. They continued their little game, the girl giggling loudly and Hiccup joining in, forgetting his difficult task. Some people were annoyed at this, huffing about how they were blocking the way. The others though, were watching contentedly, charmed by the way two complete strangers were playing comfortably with each other.

Jack was definitely one of the latter. He watched the little girl dancing around Hiccup in a blur. He saw the way that she her giggles grew louder and her smiles bigger the more she played with the boy. He was touched at this. Jack (unlike Hiccup) had always loved children, every time his eyes would meet with theirs, he would fall in love. They always held so much wonder and innocence in them. It made Jack happy when he knew they still reverently believed in the idea of Santa Claus and the power of dreams. More than the girl though, Jack was watching Hiccup.

Blue eyes clouded with fascination, he watched as Hiccup tried to catch the squealing girl. Jack watched as he failed, tripping awkwardly at the attempt to capture. Then as Hiccup got up he saw him smile.

No, not the small smiles that he had forced earlier as he tried to calm the bus driver, or when he introduced himself shyly or even as he walked through the streets.

How could Jack describe it? How could anyone ever describe how much emotion a smile like that held. This was the first time Jack had seen Hiccup smile like that. It was wide and welcoming, showing off the small dimples he had on both cheeks. His smile revealed his slightly crooked teeth; in some ways seen as awkward and unpleasing but in Jack's eyes they were seen just as he saw the rest of the boy. It was perfect the way it was. It was genuine and heartfelt, _unlike many of the half-hearted grins and forced smiles he gave_ Jack realized.

'_Is it just me or are his eyes sparkling' _he asked to no one in particular, completely mesmerized by Hiccup. His green eyes were also smiling. His whole demeanour had changed from awkward and shy into something else entirely. He was suddenly someone who everyone could easily admire, someone who made people feel more understood than they understood themselves. Before Jack knew it he found himself smiling too. Not the wide grins he had given earlier either, he found himself giving a smile he hadn't intended yet fully understood. Something in Hiccup's sincerity triggered something inside Jack's heart. 'He's

pretty cool' Jack observed as his heart started pounding faster. 'What is this' he muttered putting a hand to his chest just to shut it up.

"Sophie!" Jack looked over to where the worried voice was coming from. His heart beat soon slowed down as he focused on the woman running frantically towards the little girl who was playing with Hiccup. "Sophie." She breathed in relief and took the laughing girl in her arms. She had blonde hair and tense green eyes just like the girl she was currently covering in kisses and cradling in her arms. 'Her mom' Jack and Hiccup both thought simultaneously.

"Thank you!" Sophie's, mom said as she grabbed Hiccup's hand and shook it forcefully. "It's fine reall-' Hiccup was cut off when the woman hugged him just as forcefully, almost choking him in the tight embrace.

"I'm Mrs. Bennett" she said after letting go of Hiccup's now hurting body. " Thank you again, if someone else took her. I wouldn't know what to do." She clutched Sophie's hand in hers tighter "I'm glad she didn't feel scaredâ€¦I should probably find a proper day care instead of dragging her with me to work all the time." he nodded to show that he agreed, although it seemed like she was talking to herself more than to Hiccup.

Mrs Bennett gave Hiccup a thankful smile and walked away with her daughter who was still trying to go to her new friend. "Goodbye Sophie." He said quietly while giving a wave. Sophie seemed to have heard it and she grinned, waving wildly with her small hand.

The pair soon disappeared among the crowd and Hiccup was left with a huge problem. His wristwatch read 6:50, only ten minutes before the start of school but Hiccup had nothing. No directions, not even a faint idea of what his school looked like, Hiccup started to ask practically everyone that walked by. He was desperate. Noticing this, Jack closed in on his prey. His early moment of weakness was quickly stashed aside for another time as he thought of what to say. "Hey Hiccup!" he thought 'Nah too giddy'. Jack went through lot more suggestions from himself, but in the end he chose to ignore them . 'Let's just see what comes out of my mouth then' he decided haphazardly, throwing caution to the wind.

Never sensing that Jack was there, Hiccup continued to ask people.

"Excuse me, do you know the way to Burgess Hig-"

"I think I know the way." Jack said mysteriously right behind Hiccup's ear

The white haired teen had to withhold a laugh when Hiccup practically leaped in surprise. Still shocked at the sudden appearance Hiccup turned to the origin of the voice cautiously. Something about that voice sounded familiar, he just couldn't pinpoint who exactly it belonged to

Before him stood a teenager with strikingly white hair, bright blue eyes and a coy (and somewhat irritating) grin.

"You're" Hiccup started eyes wide. Jack could feel his hands tingling

in excitementâ€| "Yes?" he asked playfully.

A moment passed before Hiccup gave his unclimactic reply "...Who are you again? I met you in the bus but I forgot your name." he finished shrugging his shoulders.

Jack visibly deflated at finding out that he had forgotten his name but resumed his cheerful disposition after a few seconds. He suddenly grabbed Hiccup's wrist and dragged him off like Hiccup was mere luggage.

Hiccup grew red in irritation. "What are you doing" he yelled indignantly as Jack continued to drag him forward. Hiccup struggled against Jack's stone like grip. What gave this guy the right to just take him wherever he pleased? He was going to be late for school! Now that he thought about it, wasn'tâ€| Jack (finally he remembered) late for school to?

"I'm going to help you!" Jack answered cheerfully no longer crushing Hiccup's wrist but slowly moving him along. "You don't have to pretend you know..I know you have basically no idea how to get there." He stated frankly facing Hiccup quickly then trudging forward. If Jack remembered properly, this was the street where she stayed during the morning. Though he promised himself that he wouldn't meet her again in fear of wellâ€|her, desperate times called for desperate measures. Besides it would be impossible to reach the school without it, it was way too far.

Hiccup thought on this. He did need the help after all, maybe Jack suddenly popping out of nowhere was a good thing. 'Hey wait a minute' he thought suspiciously 'Did Jack really pop out of nowhere?'

Jack sighed in relief as he saw the familiar huge black building with the hundreds of motorcycles lined up in orderly lines right beside it. "Finally." He exclaimed grasping Hiccup's wrist tighter .Here they wereâ€|and there she was leaning next to the self proclaimed "fastest motorcyle in the whole drove him to school before, she probably wouldn't mind him borrowing her motorcycle right?

"Jack?" Hiccup asked, his eyebrows knitting together in confusion "This doesn't look like the school"

"It isn't." he answered simply, continuing towards the dark structure.

"So why are we he-"

'No time to explain! Come on let's hurry she might be leaving already" Jack urged Hiccup onwards as he sprinted towards the woman, Hiccup warily following behind.

They reached the mysterious woman and Hiccup was even more confused. What were they doing here? Jack started to talk to her and Hiccup listened intently, hoping to be relieved from the feeling of uncertainty that clutched at his stomach.

"Well if it isn't Jack" she smiled smugly as she sauntered over to him.

"Well if isn'tâ€|..." Jack trailed on forgetting her name.

"Amanda" she stated plainly, her voice void of any of the flavour the earlier statement held.

Hiccup stopped listening at this point his mind drifting off to a question he had asked himself earlier. Did Jack pop out of nowhere? He frowned. If he didn't then that would mean he'd been there the whole time just watching himâ€|creepy he thought. 'And rude' he added realizing that if he'd done something embarrassing like pick his nose, Jack would see the whole thing.

"Hiccup." Jack called to his friend after waving good bye to Amanda. She said yes and went inside the building to doâ€|whatever you did inside it. Telling by the kind of people that went inside it..he honestly didn't want to know. Hiccup was still in deep thought, unconscious to Jack's calls.

"Hiccup!" Jack yelled louder.

"HA! Wha?" Hiccup yelped back to the real world.

"Get on." He chuckled motioning towards the shiny red bike behind him. Once Jack strapped a black helmet on, he gave the other one to Hiccup telling him to do the same.

Hiccup wanted to say a lot of things. He wanted to say that he did not and was not getting in that mutant of a motorcycle. He wanted to punch Jack for ever asking him something that ridiculous. He wanted to run away and stay in his nice warm bed where he wouldn't have to risk dying on a speeding bike with a crazy teenage boy. He looked at the pink helmet ruefully.

"Why do I get the hello Kitty one." Hiccup whined pathetically

'Really Hiccup, you're getting into this death vehicle with a delusional boy you've just met today and your worried about the color of your headgear' his inner self chided as he reluctantly hopped in behind Jack.

"You already rode a motorcycle right?" Hiccup asked nervously while strapping the helmet on his head.

"Yeah! Obviously." Hiccup let out the breath that he was holding. At least he knew what he was doing.

"Exceptâ€|I wasn't the one driving..so yeahâ€|" Jack whispered hoping Hiccup didn't hear his little confession.

But unfortunately for the both of them he did.

"WHAT!" Hiccup yelled in roar of the engine reverberated in his ears. Jack was really going to do this. "Were going to die, were going to die" he almost screamed.

"Well." Jack advised as they the wheels rolled beneath them and the bike move towards the open road . "You better hold tight." He gripped the handles tightly, trying to repeat the actions Amanda did the day before. The motor roared louder, black smoke curling at their feet.

Then they were moving and Hiccup was screaming. Jack of course was laughing happily at speed and the freedom he was feeling at that very moment. Though (and if you asked he would certainly deny) he was also enjoying the feeling of Hiccup's arms tightly encircling his waist.

If asked, Hiccup would also deny that he was enjoying it too.

End
file.